Sunday School ADVOCATE

J. D. FELTER, ENG.

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Pearls.

BY M. L. S. V.

"MAMMA, tell me something that I can write a composition about. Teacher told us to ask some one to tell us a story, and remember all of it we could to put into a composition."

Thus exclaimed my little ten-year-old Nell, as with cheeks all aglow from the brisk walk in the clear, cold air she came into the sitting-room where I was seated with my sewing.

After a moment's thought, I asked, "Do you remember those beautiful pearl ear-drops Uncle Ned sent home to Aunt Margaret a year ago last Christmas?"

"O yes," answered Nell. "Aunt Margaret put them in my ears, and let me wear them a little while, you know, and when I held them in the sun I could see ever so many pretty colors in them. Where did Uncle Ned get them?"

"He bought them from some natives in India on his last voyage there. The most beautiful pearls come from the warm-water fisheries south of Asia, though pearls are found also off the coasts of Scotland and Sweden, and near the Isthmus of Panama."

"Are pearls found in the water, mamma? How do they get them out? The water is very deep there, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear, and it is very dangerous work to get them. Formerly only men who were condemned to die were employed, but now many of the natives of southern Asia and the islands near by are engaged in the business. They are called pearl-divers. There is a regular time for fishing. The season, as it is called, lasts two months, beginning in February and ending in April. There are several methods of fishing. One is to go out in boat-loads of twenty men. Ten of the men are oarsmen, and ten are divers. When they reach the place where they wish to work, a stone, weighing about twenty pounds, with a loop fastened to it, is hung over the side of the boat. The diver puts his foot into the loop, and a bag made of netting is secured to his toes; he then grasps the rope with his right hand, takes in a full breath, and covers his nostrils with his hand; then, as he stands erect, the stone is loosened, and he rapidly sinks out of sight in the water. The depth of the water varies from twenty-five to sixty feet. As soon as the diver reaches the bottom the stone is drawn up. He quickly throws himself on his face, and collects as many oysters in the bag as possible in the time he can remain under the water. Some divers can stay under nearly two minutes, others not more than one. At a given signal the men in the boat draw up the bag. The diver clings to the rope, and is quickly hauled into the boat, and another takes his place. Only five of the ten divers are in the water at once. Many times the men are exhausted, and spitting blood is a very common occurrence among them.

"But that is not the greatest danger to which the diver is exposed. Sharks are very numerous in these waters, and every precaution must be taken against them. It is thought that the danger is lessened by the great number of men at work, the hoisting of the bags of oysters, and the noise of the oarsmen. Many think that the dark skin of the men is some protection. So strong was the belief in the latter at one time that in some places the men blackened the skin before diving.

"The Swedes take the oysters in a very different way. They go out in little boats painted white on the bottom. This makes it possible to see to a great depth in the water, and with a pair of long tongs they bring out the oysters."

"But, mamma, you said the men brought up oysters. I thought they were fishing for pearls."

This mystery had been visible in Nell's eyes for some time.

"So they do, but the pearls are in the oysters. Sometimes there are a number of pearls in one shell, but often hundreds of the oysters brought up with so much labor do not contain a pearl."

"Do the oysters swallow the pearls?" was the next question.

"No. The oyster has the power of ejecting from its body a thin fluid to line its shell. It is this fluid that gives the delicate colors seen on the inside of the shell. When a grain of sand or any thing hard gets inside the shell, it hurts the soft body of the oyster, and as it cannot get rid of the disagreeable object it covers it with this fluid to make it smooth. As it throws out this fluid frequently to keep the lining of the shell in order, the little particle grows larger and larger, and finally becomes a pearl of very brilliant color.

"The Chinese, knowing how the pearl is produced, insert small pearls inside the shells when the oysters are sunning themselves. After a few years these become fine large pearls, and are very valuable. They also make artificial pearls by putting shot or bits of glass in the shells, and allowing them to remain until incrusted with the pearly substance."

"How do they get the pearls out of the oysters?"

"The usual way is to bury the oysters until they decay. When the decay is sufficient, the oysters are put into a long, deep vessel, and shaken and washed thoroughly in sea-water. Men are employed to watch the workmen, who are not allowed to put their hands to their mouths for fear they may swallow some of the pearls. Other men examine the shells as they are thrown out to see that no pearls stick to them. The bodies of the oysters are boiled before they are thrown away, for sometimes the pearls are found in them instead of in the shells. And when the pearls are found still other men prepare them for market. They are carefully cleansed, rounded, polished, and small holes drilled in them. The drilling is a very delicate process, but the natives are expert in it, and do it very quickly. When all this is done, they are carefully sorted and packed."

"Are Aunt Margaret's pearls very valuable?"

"Yes, they are real Oriental pearls. Uncle Ned says we see very few of the finest pearls here. The largest are sent to India, where they are highly valued, and many of the smaller ones are shipped to England.

"When Elizabeth was queen of England a wealthy London merchant, to win a wager that he would give the most costly dinner in her honor, reduced to powder a pearl valued at seventy-five thousand dollars, and drank it in a glass of wine to the health of the queen."

"Anna See has a bracelet with tiny little pearls all over the back of it, but they are not so bright as Aunt Margaret's."

"Those are called seed pearls. They are the smallest, and are not very expensive. Pearls are of many different sizes and shapes. Often one is named on account of some peculiarity of shape. Occasionally a very large one is found. It is said that King Philip IV of Spain owned one which weighed a whole ounce.

"But I am neglecting my sewing. I think you can write your composition now; can't you?"

"I am sure I can't remember nearly all of what you have told me, but I can some of it," replied Nell, with a wise little nod of her head.

"Mrs. Gray did not expect you to remember all that was told you. Mamma has read a great deal, and listened while Uncle Ned told a great deal, about the pearl fisheries, or she could not remember so much."

Brains on Four Legs.

A Scranton gentleman has a cat that is very fond of some kinds of music, and very much exasperated whenever her master plays on his violin. She will lie on the sofa and purr approvingly whenever one of the young ladies performs a waltz or other lively piece on the piano, and she will listen attentively to the children's songs, but as soon as her owner begins to tune up his violin she becomes very uneasy. The moment he starts to play a tune the cat darts at him as if she had suddenly been seized with a fit, scratches viciously at the lower part of his trousers leg and squalls as though she were in great pain. If he continues to play after this demonstration of her disapproval of that kind of music, the cat jumps up and tries to snatch the noisy instrument out of his hands, and when she finds that she cannot do that she runs around the room and mews piteously. As soon as the gentleman lays the violin down on the piano and speaks kindly to the cat, she seems pacified at once, trots over to where he is standing, rubs her head and back lovingly against his ankles, and purrs contentedly, looking up to him and acting as if she wanted to tell him that she would always be a good cat if he would never make any more of those hateful sounds. But, so sure as he undertakes to resume playing, the cat begins her tantrums and refuses to be quiet until he has put down the violin again. She is fond of organ music, but she cannot be taught to like the noise made by the violin strings. She will tolerate the guitar, but the violin never. The gentleman, who is an excellent amateur violinist, prizes pussy very highly, and, whenever he wishes to entertain his friends with a little music from his favorite instrument, he has a servant take the cat to her little house in the back-yard and fasten her in. As soon as the guests have departed, puss is allowed to come into the house, when she scampers from one member of the family to the other and purrfully expresses her gratitude at being permitted to be where they are once more.

Two tame gray squirrels are the favorite pets of an animal-lover on Franklin avenue. The squirrels run about the house like two kittens, and are obedient to their master every time he tells them to go to their cage. He often takes them about town with him, to their apparent pleasure and satisfaction. Whenever he tells them that they can go along, they skip up his legs and crawl into the pockets of his sack coat, where they nestle down until he enters a store or saloon. Then he orders them to come out, and they hurry from his pockets and caper about the room until he gets ready to leave. Their antics and their perfect obedience interest and amuse every body who sees them. Each squirrel has his own particular pocket to get into, and they have been so well trained that neither ever tries to get into the pocket that belongs to the other. When the gentleman wears a heavy overcoat he sometimes permits both of them to cuddle down together, when they appear to be very happy indeed.—*New York Tribune.*

The Broken Band.

Snap went the India rubber ring that held Charlie's papers together. He was late already, and had no time to go back for another, but ran on as fast as he could, while the broken ring lay on the wet grass at the side of the path.

"A new sort of worm, I declare!" said a young blackbird. "It looks very delicate." And she hopped around it, not quite sure whether to taste it or not. While she delayed, another blackbird flew down and seized the band by one end.

"Excuse me, madam," said the first. "That is my worm. I saw it before you."

"But I caught it," said the second, "so it is mine."

"Nothing of the sort," said the first. "I was standing over it."

The second said nothing, but hopped away with the ring hanging from her beak.

"You're a thief!" shrieked the first, giving chase, and seizing it by the other end.

Then followed a desperate struggle. Each held firmly to the end she had taken, and pulled with all her might. Snap went the ring again, and the combatants rolled over and over.

"Bah!" said the first blackbird, when she had regained her feet, and shaken her bruised wings. "What a nasty taste! One's rights are not always worth fighting for."—*Selected.*

A Drink of Water.

A little five-year-old boy left his seat in church one Sabbath morning, and walked up the pulpit steps, and stood by the side of the minister.

"What do you want, my little man?" said the pastor, stopping in the midst of his sermon.

"A drink of water," the child innocently replied.

The good man poured out a glass of water, the child drank it and left the platform, but seeing the amused faces of the audience, he thought some mistake had been made, and remembered he had not expressed his thanks; so turning to the minister he made a bow and said, "Thank you, sir," and went to his seat, perfectly satisfied that all was right.

A word once spoken, four horses cannot catch it.—*Chinese Proverb.*

Lesson Helps for Young Bereans.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16.

"*His own city.*" Jesus sailed back across the Sea of Galilee, and came to his own city, Capernaum. Look at Matt. 4. 13, and you will learn that Jesus lived in this city, at least part of the time. Some say that his home was with Simon Peter. What an honor to have Jesus living in the city! And what an honor to have him living in the house! Does he live in your city? Does he live in your house?

The sick man. He was sick of palsy—so sick that he was carried to Jesus on a bed. The bed was probably nothing more than a mat or blanket. He had friends who brought him. How good it is to have friends who believe in Jesus! Jesus was in the house where he lived, and a crowd of people gathered around to hear him talk about the kingdom of God. When the sick man was brought, there was no room for him in the house! Were his friends discouraged? O, no. They carried him up to the flat roof and let him down through the roof, still lying on his bed. Read the story of this miracle in Mark 2. 1–12, and ask some one to tell how Eastern houses were built, so that you can understand how the roof could be broken through by these earnest people.

"*Be of good cheer.*" Any one who comes to Jesus may have hope and courage, whatever the matter may be. Nothing is too hard for him. He can cure any disease of body or soul. Have you a fault that troubles you? Take it to Jesus. He will say to you, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer!"

"*Thy sins be forgiven.*" Jesus first gave the sick man the great gift of forgiveness. Only God *can* forgive sins. Never try to do any thing yourself with your sins, only to take them to Jesus. He who has power to cure sin in the soul has power also to cure disease in the body. Jesus made the sick man's body well after he had cured the disease in his soul.

"*Arise.*" When Jesus said "Arise" to the sick man he did not say "I can't," but obeyed. When we bring our sin and sickness to Jesus, let us listen to hear what he says, and then obey him *at once.*

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23.

The ruler's daughter. Here are three miracles in one lesson. Read the story of the ruler's daughter in Mark 5. 22–43. The little girl was twelve years old, and an only child. How grieved her parents were when she died. But they believed in Jesus, and went to him with their trouble. Have you believing parents? How glad and thankful you ought to be! Jesus is always ready to help, no matter how great the need may be. If the ruler had not had real faith in Jesus he would have thought there was no use in going to him after the little girl was dead. But he believed that the mighty One who gives life could also bring it back after it had ceased. How good it is to have such a mighty Saviour! Learn from this miracle that life and death are in the hands of Jesus.

The sick woman. While Jesus was on his way to the ruler's house, a sick woman came behind him and touched the hem of his garment. She no longer had faith in any human help. She had been sick so long and no one had been able to make her better. Then she heard of the wonderful works Jesus did, and hope filled her heart. She did not wait. The first time Jesus came near her she went to him and just touched him. Right away she was made well. O, what a good thing it is to have faith in Jesus! He can do all things.

The blind man. As Jesus went away from the ruler's house, after bringing the little girl to life, two blind men followed him, crying aloud to him to help them. Jesus asked if they believed he could give them sight, and they said, "Yea, Lord." Then he spoke the wonderful words of the Golden Text to them, and at once their eyes were opened and they could see. This is our lesson—if we want Jesus to help us we must have faith in him—that is, we must believe that he not only *can*, but that he *will* help *us.*

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30.

Teaching and preaching. Jesus went about in all the cities and villages, helping the poor people who needed him. There were so many sick and sinful ones that he could not reach them all, and so he had to call helpers. It is so to day as much as ever. The world is full of sick, suffering, sinful people who need to hear the gospel of Jesus's love and power. And Jesus needs helpers to go and tell the story. Who will be one of his helpers?

The twelve. Learn the names of the twelve who were first sent out by Jesus to tell the good news. They were not wise, learned men. They were just men who believed in Jesus. That is the kind of helpers Jesus wants now. There is work for all, for the big and the little, for the rich and the poor, the wise and the simple. Do not think that you must wait until you are grown up to work for Jesus. Begin now, to-day. First, give yourself to him, and then ask him to show you what you can do to help bring his kingdom of love and peace into the world.

Work for us. Perhaps some child thinks, "O, if I could be a missionary, and sail away across the sea, and tell the heathen about Jesus, that would be real work for him." But see; Jesus told his disciples to begin first at home. They had to preach first to the Jews, their own countrymen and friends. So he wants you to begin your work for him just where you are. Do the kind, helpful, loving things that Jesus will tell you to do, if you look to him every day to know what he wants you to do. Speak kind words, give up your own way, comfort those who are in trouble, be thoughtful, forgiving, kind to every body. Try to make your brothers and sisters and parents and friends happy, and do it all for Jesus's sake.

LITTLE STUDENTS' CORNER.

DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

Every body likes to look at pretty things, and hidden under the waters of the ocean are some fishes about as pretty as any thing can be. Do you not wish we could see them right now? That is impossible, so let us talk about them a little while, and we will certainly be interested.

We will first take the one that is sometimes called the angel-fish, and is thought by many to be the very prettiest fish that swims. No bird has quite so many colors, nor is so bright and pretty as he. He has a face that looks something like the face of a little boy or girl. And it is not a cross one either, for the angel-fish keeps his mouth in such a way that he looks as if he were smiling the most of the time. His tail is crescent-shaped, and his fins stretch out long and are fringed; and he swims slowly along, letting these stream out behind like a peacock's tail, just as if he wanted to show them. He has some large scales, but they grow smaller and smaller near the end of his body, till you can scarcely tell where one tiny scale stops and another begins. These fish are delicate, and not able to stand the cold, so they always may be found where the water is warm. They are generally blue near the head, and O, such a beautiful blue as it is, but down near the tail it shades off and changes, till it becomes a deep golden yellow. Now, should you not think that such pretty things would be kept just to look at? Well, may be they would, but they are so very good to eat that few people stop to look at them but just fix them ready to cook, as if they were the most common fish in the world.

You know most families have some pretty ones and some homely ones in them; but here is a family of fishes every one of which is nice-looking. This is the Choetoden, or hair-toothed family. It is quite a large family, however; every member but one is found in tropical seas. They take their name from their teeth, which are mostly fine like hair, almost turning their mouths into brushes. One kind has little knobs instead. It is said that the fishermen, as they go along the shore, can hear these fish grinding up the shell-fish, so they know just where to look for them. They are all found near some rocky shore where the water is clear; and if you could see them swimming in and out among the corals, with the sun shining straight down upon them, and showing off every one of their bright colors, you would be sure that they were about the prettiest things you had ever seen. They have a great many scales, not only on the body, but on the fins and tail as well, so the only way to tell which is tail or fin, and which is fish, is to cut them in pieces and see. Neither are their scales just the same as most fishes have. They are harder and bonier and are not colored in the same way. Then, too, they are set very close together, with little teeth that hitch fast in each other.

The archer-fish of India belongs to this family. You can guess right away why he is so called, so there is no need of your being told that it is because he can shoot. He lives on little bugs, and while there are always plenty flying over the water they do not drop down to him just when he feels like eating one; so he sticks out his long nose, and shoots up a drop of water. Being a good marksman he is nearly sure to hit his bug and make it fall down where he can get it. It is said that the Chinese have a fish something like this that they catch and keep in jars. When they want to be amused they take insects and hold them over the jar to see the fish shoot them. It may be fun for them and for the fish, but what do the poor bugs think about it, do you suppose?

There is a distant relative of the archer-fish called the gilt-head. His back is silvery-gray shaded with blue; the under part of his body shines like steel very highly polished, while there are golden bands on his sides. Nor is that all; for, to make him still more gorgeous, he has more gold on his head between his eyes, in the shape of a half-moon. How would you like to have such a fancy dress? These fish are very good to eat, and used to be kept by the old Romans and fattened, till they were fit for the table.

Here is another, the bride, or peacock-fish, that is said to look like a piece of fine jewelry made up of many precious stones of different kinds. This, too, is thought by some to be able to take aim, fire, and hit the mark, just like the archers. While we are not quite sure of this, we do know that he has the same kind of a shaped mouth, so it seems as if he might be a shooter if he wanted to very much. He is a grayish pearl color with bands of black running round his body. Then on the lower part of his body he has two round spots of all colors, like the eyes in the tail of the peacock. You remember one of his names is the peacock-fish. He is a very fast swimmer, and darts about here and there, as if in a great hurry to get somewhere.

Time for just one more, a bright, shiny red fellow, with scalloped scales. One name by which he is known is the squirrel-fish, and, like the squirrel, he is a brisk, lively fellow. He hides among the rocks till nothing can be seen of him but his big bright black eyes. If you throw down a hook with some good bait, he will come out, snatch up the bait, and be back in his hiding-place again before you have hardly had time to think. But do not be too sure that you have him even now, for he so entangles the line among the rocks that you can never succeed in pulling it out. The men who fish for them have little basket-traps which they bait and let down to the bottom. When pulled up they have all sorts of things in; sometimes things that the fishermen do not care to let out in the boat, so they dump them overboard, and set the traps again till they get what they want.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

OCTOBER 8, 1887.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.
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Dare to do Right.

It takes courage, sometimes! Indeed it does. There's Nellie Roberts. She has a kind heart, and it hurts her to see another hurt. The other day when Daisy Melton confided to her special set the plan for playing an ill-natured trick on Amy Ray, and Nellie cried out, "O, don't let's do that; it will make Amy feel so bad!" do you think it was easy for Nellie to stand by her conscience when Daisy sneered, and said, "O, Miss Piety! How very good you are! Can't you show us how to be as good as you are?" But Nellie dared to do right, and the girls respected her in their hearts.

And Arthur Jones, the day the boys all went on an excursion. What a happy time he was having until Tom Prince came to the little group, who were resting under a big tree, with a dozen cigarettes in his hand. "Come on, boys, here's a treat," he said, and passed them around. With what a grown-up air the boys took them! Not one declined until Arthur was reached, and what a storm of ridicule and persuasion he had to meet because he politely but firmly said no!

Arthur dared to do right, though, and he has never been sorry for it.

Stand by your principles, boys and girls! Dare to do right, though all the world sneer at you.

One above, who is the Right, is looking down upon you. He sees and knows, and he will give the strength to stand firm for the right, whatever it may cost.

How Postage-Stamps are Made.

Steel plates on which two hundred stamps are engraved are used in printing. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and a girl, who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand-presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are printed have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on little racks which are fanned by steam-power, for about an hour, they are put in between sheets of paste-board and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in half; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery. They are then passed to two other squads, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away for despatching to fulfill orders.

The Baby's Dilemma.

My four-year old baby sat on my lap
In the dusk of the fading day;
So helpless he seemed as he nestled there,
So dependent on mother and mother-care,
That I asked, as I kissed the golden head,
"What would you do, dear, if mamma were dead?"

The eyes met mine with a steadfast look,
That showed neither sadness nor fear;
The lips still smiled in a careless way,
As though my death were a new-found play;
Not a tear in eye or voice as he said,
"I would live wiv grandma if you was dead."

"But grandma is old and feeble, you know,
And not able to care for you;
You couldn't stay there." The face grew grave,
One quick, scared look at my face he gave,
Then, still half defiant, he slowly said,
"I tould live wiv auntie if you was dead."

"But auntie has boys of her own, you know,
And she wouldn't want any more.
No, you couldn't live there." The brown eyes fill;
Life looks pretty gloomy just now. But still,
With a quiver of lip and chin, he said,
"Touldn't I live wiv Uncle Tom if you was dead?"

"Uncle Tom has no wife or home, you know,
And a man couldn't care for you."
The little breast heaved with its weight of woe—
Was there nowhere, then, for a boy to go?
And he sobbed as his arms round my neck he threw,
"I would want to die and go wiv you."

—*From Good Housekeeping.*

Stung by a Fish.

The wound from a fish-bone or fin is often excruciatingly painful, as any person who may have suffered from this cause very well knows. Major Sheffield, who had a severe experience with a fish called a stingaree, thus recounts his sufferings:

I was fishing with a party of friends when I was stung by a stingaree. The first sensation was as if I had been pinched very sharply. We were out about two hundred yards from the shore at the time, and as soon as I realized I was stung by the fish, they rowed in as rapidly as possible.

Before we had reached the shore, however, the poison began to pass through the system, and the pain became terrible. When the sting was pulled out, the barbs spread out all around, and lacerated the flesh very much.

The sting had penetrated my leg about three inches. The usual remedy is whisky. This was handed me at once. Ordinarily a little of this liquor affects me very quickly, but on this occasion I drank over a pint—may be a quart—and swallowed two doses of morphine, and all of it had no more effect upon me than so much water.

I groaned and gritted my teeth. It was the most awful suffering I ever experienced. I don't think I could have stood any more of it than I got without going crazy.

I had to endure it, though, for half a day. My leg swelled tremendously, and it hurt in every inch of its increased proportions. For a long time I could not use my limb, but had to hobble along with crutches.

Bats.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

This odd little creature with its mouse-like body, which has given it the name of Flitter-mouse, and strange, outstretched wings, is not a very pleasing looking animal. But it has its appointed work to do, as all living objects created by our heavenly Father and placed in this world of ours.

Though now placed among quadrupeds, the bats, like the owl and some other species of birds, flit about after sundown and consume vast numbers of noxious insects. Some, though, are fond of fruit, and one species, the vampire, lives by sucking the blood of animals.

We cannot here give you a full description of the bat; how its sensitive wings are outstretched by long, thin, bony arms or sort of finger-like claws, or of its peculiarly constructed nose, which renders it very keen of smell, or of its large and singular ears, which it can fold down at pleasure. When upon the ground the bat looks awkward enough, as you can well imagine. Drawing in and folding up its membranous wings, it manages without much grace to jerk one side of the body forward, then the other; yet it is said to run with considerable activity, with a sort of hop, skip, and a jump, we suppose. The air, however, is its most familiar help in getting about.

Now we must tell you that bats generally spend their days in caves, hollow trees, and other dark recesses; often, too, under roofs of houses and crannies of ruined or deserted dwellings, until twilight, when they come forth and quietly flit about for their food.

On the approach of cold weather bats hibernate, that is, shut themselves up in snug winter quarters to remain dormant until spring. Says Mr. Bell: "The hibernation of this animal is one of the most interesting points in their economy. At an earlier or later period of autumn, according to the species, they retreat, generally in large numbers of various species, together to the most retired places under the roofs of houses, churches, deep caverns, and similar situations, where they suspend themselves by their hinder claws with the head downward. Here they crowd together, holding not only by the surface of the wall of their retreat, but by each other, one crowding over another so closely that it appears scarcely possible for such numbers to occupy so small a space."

When entering a dark cave one does not like to encounter them, for they are rather repulsive-looking creatures. But most of them are entirely harmless, and no doubt far more afraid of us than we need be of them, and not at all pleased with our disturbance of them in their snug, out-of-the-way quarters.

We must not forget to tell you that their hind feet have five toes armed with sharp-edged, curved, and pointed claws, by which they suspend themselves, head downward. Another curious thing about the bat is that though its eyes are extremely small, its external ears are often large, and with its wings form an extensive surface endued with the most singular and exquisite sensibility; and it enables them, even when the eyes are sealed up or removed, to pursue their rapid and whirling flight, avoiding every obstacle, not even hitting threads stretched in various directions across their way, and passing through the narrowest passages without touching the sides.

Miss Hopkins.

BY WESLEY ADAMS.

That's our teacher's name. She is assistant in the high school. I am quite a big boy now and go to high school, but I have not forgotten all about the troubles of little fellows.

One thing that has always troubled me is when a teacher is partial. You know what I mean—when she lets one boy whisper and wont let another, or when she gives one boy all the easy problems and another the hard ones. I was the one who never could whisper or do any thing, and had all the hard questions, especially if company was in.

I complained about it some at home, and mother told about a jeweler grinding and polishing a diamond a hundred times as much as he did a piece of glass, because it was worth so much more. And as for being called upon before company, she said I ought to consider it a compliment. She always gives the best she has to visitors.

Grandpa laughed. "That isn't the only way of looking at the matter," he said.

I didn't know what he meant then; but I do now.

Two or three weeks ago a man gave me two puppies. They were such bright little fellows I thought I would teach them some tricks. One of them will do just what I tell him. It seems as if he tried to please me. I meant to treat them both alike, but I tell you I can't, and it isn't my fault either. The other one will not do as I want him to. He knows enough. He looks at me and winks his eyes in such a sly way, but obey he will not. So I have to be cross and sometimes punish him.

Perhaps you think I'm not writing about Miss Hopkins. Well, I am. She is the teacher that I used to think partial; but those puppies have taught me a lesson. I believe if a teacher is partial to any one it will be to the boy that tries hardest to get his lessons and to keep the rules, and that boy might just as well be you or I as any body else.

This is a secret I have lately found out, and somehow it has made a wonderful change in Miss Hopkins.

"Pride Comes Before a Fall."

A FABLE.

A lump of clay and the end of a wax candle found themselves, by some strange chance, side by side one summer day, on a dust-heap.

"I wonder you have the assurance to lie so close to me!" said the dainty wax, sneeringly; "a great, common lump of clay! and I have been on a fine lady's dressing-table."

"Ah!" said the clay humbly; "we are fellow-sufferers in adversity; we must make the best we can of it. I ought, properly, to have been in yonder brick-field."

"What a come-down for me!" moaned the candle. "It does not signify what becomes of you."

The clay wisely held his tongue. And the strangely assorted companions in misfortune dropped into silence.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said the clay to himself.

"Dear me, how hot it is getting!" grumbled the wax candle.

Presently, the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the piece of wax candle gradually melted away.

But the clay only became harder and firmer than ever.

Thus it is, the hopeful and self-reliant, when tried by the heat of adversity, come out of the fire the stronger and firmer. But the weak and worthless pass into obscurity, and are no more heard of.—*Astley H. Baldwin.*

A Lesson from Old Puss.

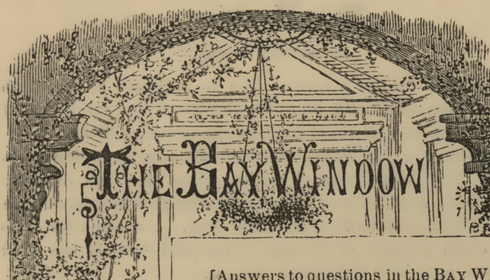
BY LOU R. MUNN.

Little Amy fretted half of one rainy day, because she could not go to see her little friend Nellie and play with her dolls as they had planned.

"I wish you would learn a lesson from poor puss," said mother. "I think she sets us many good examples."

Amy looked inquiringly at the old cat, but could not see in what particular she was to be imitated.

"Puss loves her home the best of any place," said mother. "You cannot coax her to stay very long away from it. See how comfortably she stretches herself in her warm corner, purring away so contentedly. Now, can't you catch her spirit, dear? It is always a very pleasant picture to me to see the good family cat sitting beside the fire, so sleek-coated and happy. One of pussy's good qualities," said her mother, glancing at her little girl, "is her gentleness. She goes about the house on velvet slippers. If she opened and shut doors, I know she would never slam them, and she walks over books and work on the work-table without displacing a thing. Now some children, with two nice little hands to do every thing for them that they wish, do not succeed as well. See, too, how neat and tidy our kitty is, not a particle of dust or wrinkle in her gown. So you see we may learn a good many lessons from our old pussy. But they will only do us good when we try to profit by them."



[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, 805 Broadway, New York.]

Another Quarterly Roll day! Now, the little folks who have sent their names, saying, "Please add my name to the L. L. roll," will look out to see if their names are really there.

Do you think sometimes, dear children, of that other and longer roll, which will be called one day, and wonder if your name will be there? When the Lord comes "to make up his jewels," you will want to be sure that your name is not missing! Send on your name!

"God in Heaven each name can tell,
Knows *you too*, and loves you well."

Read the L. L. pledge and mottoes. If you think they will be a help to you, adopt them as your own. Remember, the Look-up Legion is a volunteer society of boys and girls who unite under this simple pledge, in the effort to "Look up," to "Look out," to "Look forward," and to "Lend a hand." No fee is required to join this society. You have only to decide, thoughtfully and prayerfully, that you will take the pledge, and send your name to us for publication. If you choose, you can send for a pledge card, which costs three cents, or for a nickle-plated badge which costs fifteen cents. These are beautiful and helpful reminders, both of the pledge and mottoes. If you send for these, send the order and the money together to J. E. Stevens, 805 Broadway, New York City.

Many children write, asking "What is the L. L.?" Let this be an answer to many such letters.

MOTTO.

"Look up, and not down;
Look out, and not in;
Look forward, and not back;
And lend a hand!"

PLEDGE.

"We, the undersigned, wish to be manly (or womanly) and Christian in our character, and we therefore pledge ourselves to be, as far as we are able, truthful, unselfish, cheerful, hopeful, and helpful; to use our influence always for the right, and never fear to show our colors.

"We also pledge ourselves to use our voice and our influence against—

"Intemperance;
"The use of vulgar or profane language;
"The use of tobacco;
"Affectation in dress or manner;
"Disrespect to the old;
"Ill-treatment of the young or unfortunate;
"Cruelty to animals.

"We will aid and support each other in carrying out this pledge and the spirit of our motto."

QUARTERLY ROLL.

Alice F. Pitcher, Nellie May Hazleton, Herbert L. Henry, Bertie E. Ridley, Henry Lamb, May Wood, Warren D. Smith, Freddie A. Goodhew, Gertie Ferrenburg. Golden Rule League, Chicago, Ill. Grace Hawekotte, Belle Whitlock, Carrie Hughes, Clara Dryer, Annie Colburn, Louie Christianson, Mary Dryer, Leila Seifert, Martha Hawekotte, Nellie Hughes, Nettie Seifert, Annie Peterson, Ida Hmisch, Nellie Modin, Minnie Chamberlain, Ida Christianson, Cora Wohlgemoth, Sallie Anderson, Agnes Tall, Hulda Bachlotz, Emma Anderson, Mattie Hicks, Ollie Ben Dixon, Jane Watson, Ida Parker, Gertie Pearson, Annie Gould, Rose Pense, Grace Randolph, Tina Morley, Ida Peterson, Addie Kitson, Nellie Rawson, Kate Turnbull, Clara Kordt, Jessie Gould, Maud Randolph, Mamie Jones, Mollie Turnbull, Angie Guest, Eva Lytle, Kittie Guest, Ida Lossus, Willie Webb, Willie Danelson, Andrew Isaacson, Alex. Blackack, Harry Stanford, Bert Hawekotte, Marcus Peterson, Carl Hertel, Edward Danelson, Henry Wohlgemoth, John Rhinehardt, Otto Waskov, Guy Boesche, Frank Price, Willie Price, John Hicks, Sam Hicks. Sent by Mrs. Geo. M. Bassett. Anna Hardesty, Lily Reid, Elva Kershaw, Ann Dudley, Edgar Vermilya, Eugene Roy Shoemaker, Laura May Kenney, Gracie Grant, Mary Eccleston, Belle Hamaford, Nealie Bryam, Flora Daniels.

A cordial, united welcome to each one of these little workers. May the dear Lord bless you every day as you "look up" to him; and may you be able to bless somebody every day, as you "look out" into the world of needy ones, with something of the hope and courage which comes to you from him!

And now for our little letter-writers.

"ROCKLAND, CONN.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am ten years old and live in New York. I am a member of St. James Church and Sunday-school, but I am now visiting my uncle, who is the pastor of the Methodist Church here. There is a very nice Sunday-school here. It has organized a Sunday-school Missionary Society, and is doing a very good work. They have a nice library, and I read a great many of the books. I read the ADVOCATE, too, and like it very much. I think the Bay Window letters are very interesting indeed. Yours Sincerely,

"JOSIE K. SCHERMERHORN."

Josie is back in her city home, no doubt, and the lovely summer in the country is a thing of the past. No, let us hope not. To be sure, the days are gone, but how about the lessons learned in those days? How about the kind deeds done, the kind words spoken? Are they not all living still? Perhaps Josie will have something to tell us some day about her city Sunday-school.

"EVEREST, KAN.

"*Dear Bay Widow:* I am a little girl eight years old. My papa is a Baptist minister. My mamma is sick 'most all of the time. I like to read the ADVOCATE, and the Bay Window in it. I have two birds, Dickie, a canary, and Robie, a linnet. They sing all the time. I belong to a class of little girls called the E. M. G's. I like flowers, and lots of them, too.

"Truly your friend. GUSSIE McCREARY."

Now, the little folks are wondering what "E. M. G." stands for. We hope it means something good. G stands for good, doesn't it?

"BUFFALO, N. Y.

"*Dear Bay Window:* The last time I wrote I was trying to become a Christian. Thank God, that I am a Christian now. I love to read the ADVOCATE, and hear of the boys and girls who give flowers and other things to the hospitals.

"Very truly, WARREN D. SMITH."

We are all glad to learn that Warren has given his young life to the dear Lord Jesus. And let us all pray that he may grow up to be a real Christian gentleman, and, in order that this may be, that he may study every day how to be a real Christian boy now.

"MEXICO CITY.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a girl fourteen years old. Our Sunday-school takes the ADVOCATE. I would like some Bay Window girl about my age to write to me. We all speak Spanish down here. I think this is the first letter you have had from Mexico. My address is MISS MAY EDGAR, 28 Calle de Ortega, Mexico City, Mexico."

Yes, this is our first from Mexico. We should love to hear from May again, and have her tell something about life in that far-away land.

"OROVILLE, CAL.

"*Dear Bay Window:* We have a nice Sunday-school class. We call it the Beulah Club. We hold meetings monthly until after school closes, then oftener. If you wish, I will give you a description of the doings of our club. It ought to be a good club; our teacher is one of God's chosen. She is a Christian.

"WINNIE ETHELWIN GROVER."

Yes, Winnie, tell us about the doings of your club. We shall all be interested to know what a "Beulah Club" busies itself about.

"CLYDE, OHIO.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a boy twelve years old. I belong to the Church and the Sunday-school. I am a temperance boy. I have read the New Testament through, and am now reading in 2 Chronicles. WALLACE LEE."

"LORRAINE, N. Y.

"*Dear Bay Window:* 'Most all the little girls here take your paper. If some one will tell me where to send my papers I will do it. I wish some little girl would write to me.

"HATTIE M. GRIMSHAW."

Send to Mrs. Helen A. Mathews, 27 State Street, New York City, for use in Castle Garden.

"BOLIVAR, MO.

"*Dear Bay Window:* We are three little girls and are very dear friends. We thought we would like to write a letter together. We belong to the "Band of Hope," and try to do all we can for the cause of temperance. Your friends,

"LUTIE G., JULIA W., and BERTIE B."

PUZZLE BOX.

HALF SQUARE.

1. Large bodies of water. 2. To take food. 3. A proposition. 4. A consonant. EARL ALBRIGHT.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an animal, and leave a preposition.
2. Behead a stream, and leave a bird.
3. Behead a weapon, and leave a fruit.
4. Behead a domestic necessity, and leave part of a house.
5. Behead a bird, and leave an ancient boat,

JESSIE L. MARRS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-one letters. My 13, 5, 18, 5, 11, 14, 8, 9, 3, 16, is a cape on the Spanish peninsula. My 15, 12, 6, 7, 10, 18, 19, is a country settled by the Dutch. My 17, 14, 15, 20, 18, 21, is a city in the southern part of Europe. My 1, 12, 18, 1, 2, 3, 4, is a city in New England. My whole is a range of mountains in the Western Hemisphere.

JAMES B. JONES.

CHARADE.

I have two syllables. My first is a part of the head. My second is a little home. My whole means zeal.

C. S. CONGDON.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

In candy, not in sweet;
In gravy, and in meat;
In vain, not in proud;
In coat, and in shroud;
In you, not in me;
In hear, not in see!
Whole, an Italian statesman. H. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF AUG. 13.

Letter Charade: Olive. Hidden Girls' Names: 1. Rose; 2. Tillie; 3. Nora; 4. Sadie. Letter Puzzle: Agassiz. Enigma: Sam Jones. Beheadings: 1. Box—Ox. 2. Gold—Old. 3. Spear—Pear—Ear. 4. Frank—Rank. 5. Flute—Lute.

Complete sets of answers have been received from Carrie Marps, W. W. Johnson, Peter Peterson, "No Name," Annie F. Tanner.

Work and Play.

HEALTH ACROSTIC.

[*To be learned by heart.*]

As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light.
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean—
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air—
Now to open your windows be ever your care.
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain—
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

DRESSED as a poor man, the prince went to a feast. He was pushed here and there, could not get to the table, and had soon to withdraw.

On going home, he dressed himself in his best, placed jeweled slippers on his feet, and put on a cloth of gold cloak. Then he returned to the feast, where he met with a very different reception. The guests made room, and the host, rushing up, cried, "Welcome, my lord! What will your lordship please to eat?"

The prince's answer was very expressive. Stretching out his foot, so that his slippers sparkled and glittered, he took his golden robe in his hand and said, with bitter irony:

"Welcome, my lord-coat! Welcome, most excellent robe! What will your lordship please to eat? For," said he, turning to his surprised host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will eat, since the welcome was wholly to it."—*Companion.*

AN interesting fact for missionary workers is put thus by the *Illustrated Christian Weekly:*

"If the Chinese nation were to pass before an observer in single file, the procession would never cease, for a new generation would be coming on the stage as fast as the procession moved."

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